December 25, 2020
Issue #35

The Crazy Wisdom Weekly

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The Crazy Wisdom Weekly

Listen to the interview with Crazy Wisdom's co-owner, Bill Zirinsky, on Art & Soul with Lisa Barry.

[Art & Soul: Well Being - Crazy Wisdom Bookstore Is Oasis For People Searching In Their Lives]

The Crazy Wisdom Weekly is looking for your submissions!

We want short stories, personal essays, gardening tips, reflections on life, your best recipies, or awesome summer wildlife or nature photos! Have a great joke? Send it in! We are also looking to feature local authors, writers, musicians, craftspeople, and artists. Have a great idea for a short article? Send in your article pitch! Submissions should be sent to: Jennifer@crazywisdom.net. Please put CW Weekly submission in the subject line. Articles should be no more than 1000 words.

We look forward to seeing your submissions!

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Happy Holiday from all of us at Crazy Wisdom
Thank you to all our patrons!
Wishing you Joy, Health, Peace, and Goodwill this season
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Please read our parent publication, *The Crazy Wisdom Community Journal*. You can find online archives on our website, crazywisdomjournal.com. *The Crazy Wisdom Journal* has been published three times a year since 1995.

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Thank you to our contributors for this issue:

Pattie Postell
Irena Barbara Nagler
Sara Vos
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Zofia Ferki
Tara Dorje
Omkar Deshpande
Kim Gray
Carol Karr
Jennifer Carson
Bill Zirinsky

Word of the Week:

Tidings

Breaking news.

Born during the pandemic, *The Crazy Wisdom Weekly* seeks to represent the voices of our community in a timely and entertaining manner. We welcome articles, interviews, recipes, wisdom, personal essays, breathing exercises, beautiful art and photos, favorite places for socially distant walks, news of your pets, or musings on current events. Send your submission to Jennifer@crazywisdom.net.

From Our Archives

The Magic of Childhood Winter

By Pattie Postel

I remember lying on my back watching snowflakes fall. It was a vortex of whiteness, and then individual flakes would snap into focus. My face felt the chilly Indiana wind, but my toes were toasty. I shivered, sweaty from dragging the sled up the hill one last time. Our city park's hill had two sledding pathways, the steep incline above and a smaller ridge with a nice dip. Little kids like me stayed on the lower half. This time, as I hit the dip,

I remember lying on my back watching snowflakes fall. It was a vortex of whiteness, and then individual flakes would snap into focus.

I was briefly airborne, then crashed. I was probably lying in the flight path, but the snow was so beautiful I was entranced. My older brother appeared and grabbed the ragged rope on the old sled, its wooden slats packed with ice chunks. "Gotta go. Mom's in the car." Further up the slope, high school students had commandeered an old car hood and were about to sail down the hill. We were heading home for hot chocolate and graham crackers.

The emotional clarity of that childhood memory is rooted in my relationships with both the natural world and my family. As the education director at the Leslie Science & Nature Center, I also see that winter experience as an encounter with science. I recall the low pressure area that had formed that day; precipitation in the form of snow; my mom's insistence that I wear layers to insulate from the elements; the process of evaporation that in turn brought on the shiver (a mammalian response to increase my metabolic heat); my childhood relationship to friction, through sled runners on the trip down or my lugsole snow boots trudging up the hill. This magical season is a result of our location in the northern hemisphere and the Earth's orbital plane as we move around the sun.

What does it mean to embrace the energy of winter? In the natural world, animals hunker down as darkness descends. They use their natural ability to slow themselves, reserving energy for survival. Some migrate; others retreat to dens. Within human cultures, the winter has always been a time of storytelling and gathering with family and community. How does your family tell and create the stories of winter? Are you crafting or reviving the magical memories of childhood winter? Do you reflect and re-charge?

Winter offers many ways to draw your family close, share stories, and venture out together for purposeful exploration. I invite you to try a few of the following activities as a family:

- Declare a tech-free day (put aside all electronics for a day, an evening, or an hour together).
- Take a winter walk in the full moon and make dancing moon shadows.
- Learn a new constellation, track the rise of planets in the dark sky, or watch lunar cycles (start with the new moon and follow her every night until full).
- Look for tracks in a fresh snowfall and follow them.
- Make a winter campfire and spend an evening feeding it. Howl at the moon together and giggle when the neighbor's dog responds in kind.
- Blow bubbles into freezing air or examine snow crystals on black construction paper under magnifying glasses.
- Look at the bones of the trees. Deciduous stand bare beneath the sky, while conifers create sheltered habitat for wintering birds.
- Examine the winter landscape in your garden. Fill backyard feeders, learn bird names, watch their feeding patterns, and listen to their songs. Make a ground mandala of seeds and nuts and watch who comes forth.

The days are still short, but before the sun sets, enjoy the sledding hill, then a walk through the beautiful stillness of Black Pond Woods watching for signs of winter wanderers.

From Issue #76, Winter 2021

By Irena Barbara Nagler

One Halloween, the night when barriers are said to dissolve between dimensions, as perhaps they do every night, my friend Marin and I took a ceremonial walk after dark through Bird Hills Nature Area. We stopped to read poetry and tell dreams at places we knew in the forest.

We carried a candle-lantern that cast more shadow than light. Sorcerous mantles extended from it, flickering and expanding. In the electric hush and rustling of the autumn woods, far more awake than somnolent, we were startled once by the voices of another group of celebrants clustered near the biggest oak tree. With its large, low-growing branches, it clearly began life before most of this forest was planted. One morning a few years before I'd found on it burnt-down blue candles remaining from some ritual or tryst. On this night the two boys and a girl sitting under it, perhaps startled by us as well, departed down one of the darkened paths. The new forest, still hosting the spirit of an older one, hid us from each other again, wrapping us in a wind-stirred night. The forest was alive with the soft scrape of dry, fingerlike leaves. The oak tree hefted up its own nocturnal roads, limbs and branches extending into folds of living darkness.

Intruders, we might have been, but humans once knew the night, and some of us are drawn to part those living curtains and explore it. I had made a necklace to give the woods as a gift. Once or twice the ground beneath me seemed to yank it out of my hands, as though it became a gravitational divining rod for something compelling beneath the forest soil. The necklace lay in the path, seeming as startled as I was, and I picked it up again. When I felt it was time to hang it in the branches of a small tree, I became aware of the rushing of water pouring through the seep that runs down one of the hills.

Folded into another hillside is an old orchard at the edge of the Leslie Golf Course. On a recent full moon night, the bright eye shined through the high branches of trees so old and tall that the forest was darker than night beneath them, though fallen walnuts glimmered yellow-green. Just beyond two fences the trees (pear trees, according to a naturalist friend) are spaced apart from each other, each with its distinct shape and character: gnarled, scraggy, tough yet delicately-formed. Together in the night they form a field of doorways, a place where the multiverse seems near and one might visit alternate worlds. Nighttime opens seams that stitch the trees into a loose weave of passageways and synapses. Though nearby housing developments cast too much light for clear visibility, I imagine them holding up a network of stars in their branches.
During his three university residencies in Ann Arbor (1921-26), Robert Frost wrote the poem "Acquainted with the Night." The title evokes a sentience that might lay hands upon the wanderer who moves as though on a deserted stage with scenery remaining from a play.

As a student I lived for ten months in a group house owned by a professor's family on sabbatical. They had left their disgruntled cat with us. He felt abandoned, and we had reason to believe he was too often the butt of jokes among his people. He loved one of the young sons of the family and would often appear on a roof projection at the window of my room, which belonged to the boy, and demand to be let in. I also had the job of feeding him. One summer night, before students dispersed for the year, a housemate and I took a walk in the neighborhood. The black cat slipped out to follow, or rather, to precede us.

We passed a house with an elongated porch arcade on one side, edged with rectangular columns. The cat suddenly darted into its interior. He began to patter swiftly between the columns, appearing, disappearing, pulling out the stops on his cat magic

and demonstrating to us how to walk at night. This is how it's done, he said, become inseparable from light, from shadow, from architecture and place, merge with its dreaming. I felt I had not known him until then, nor had he ever been more elusive and memorable.

Forward many years: Paula Frank, my niece Kes Nagler, and I were on a night walk to Barton Nature Area and the dam. Insects sang among grasses and bristling trees and shrubs. We crossed the pedestrian bridge, with the view over the oxbow drenched in silvers and grays. The woods were black and the curve of wetland I had seen under many moon-phases bright and wavering with water. We moved onto the old canal path and passed a tree whose upper branches form a star thrusting up above smaller trees.

A friend calls it the Owl Tree. I'd once seen an owl flying near it, a gray comet, soundless. I call it the Star Tree, for the many times I have seen stars bejewel its branches. Once, in daylight, I found a secret: iron spikes thrust into its trunk, probably many years ago, now incorporated in its growth. Were they steps up to some long-ago treehouse?

The three of us had planned a trip to an observatory that night, but chose to walk here instead because the sky was overcast. But we saw glowworms on the ground, little earth-stars. Their light was whiter than the greenish-gold I recalled from other summers. It seemed almost a camouflage—a reflection of contemporary humans' LED lighting. They were living diamonds jeweling the area beneath the bushes that crowded in on the path. We walked a labyrinth, an area more extensive and deep than I'd known before, moving between trees and bushes, among the baby fireflies and crickets, the place seeping into our blood. We agreed that one must get lost in order to find some things; let the place itself speak and lead us. Ahead I could see what looked like the ridge of woods at Barton Hills, but we did not reach the dam.

Soon we found we had looped back onto the known path. My niece read her GPS, and we headed in the "right" direction. We crossed the bridge and arrived at the dam area. A weight of silvery water lapped the edge of the path. In the open area across it, a powerful welter of it poured down the dam and the pool churned. The high wall of the building loomed ahead. There is a sense of fulfillment here. I remembered volleys of big fish leaping one moonlit night years ago, silver-grey, launching themselves out of and splashing in dark whorls.

An orange light-fixture on the dam building turns on, with a buzzing sound, then off, then on again periodically. It is a haunting night-rhythm, an inarticulate warning.

We climbed the stairway onto the dam and walked the bridge of it. Halfway across, you can look out and sense the surge of the river and see white water muscling and pouring away into night, the Bird Hills forest rising beyond and its living presence piercing through the dark massing of trees.

We talked of the electricity of this place where industry and wildness converge. Paula mentioned that Alice Cooper had called Southeast Michigan "intense." We felt an old, old magic. I think of salt seeps in the ground, extending into the middle of the peninsula, emanating from great deposits of halite under Wayne and Monroe Counties: remnants of ancient seas.
December in Gallup Park. Full moon, river-pools, white-shining rocks, trees and silver pathways. Around the moon is a large, clear area, bounded by a strange, full-circle cloud formation, like a wheel-rim. From the wheel, wisps of horsetail clouds radiate outward.

Walking on bridges, the moon is visible in the water abutting the pilings. Tiny particles from plants, floating on the obsidian water, move over the reflected glow, highlighting the steady motion of the water, slowed by a dam. It looks like flowing black glass. Near bridge supports, the water wrinkles into small whirlpools over the reflected moon.

After walking a place at night it becomes part of you under the skin. I dreamed once of a boat on a river or canal. By day it seemed decrepit. But in the night, bathed in silver-blue light, it darted with grace and swiftness on the waters.

We humans enumerate the turns of our planet, separating days and nights mentally from the one being with two faces that they are: one earth, one sun, and one expansive field.

Our pre-agricultural ancestors were more intimately acquainted with the night than we are. They lived in rhythms more fluid than clock-time. Painting, dance, theater, and poetry by firelight

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• Golden Fleece – Keeping You Warm and the Planet Cool • The Art of Sangchan Tsomo •
The Whimsical World of David Zinn • Forest Bathing and the Kindness of Trees
• Reflexologist Greg Knollmeyer • Fun (and Remote) Programs for Kids • Squirrel Sense •
Yoga Column • (Mostly Virtual) Events Calendar • And More

The winter issue of *The Crazy Wisdom Community Journal* is here! With articles on holistic practitioner Karlta Zarley, the kindness of trees, cashiering during a pandemic, artist David Zinn, and the Importance of Honoring Our Ancestors.
You don't want to miss it!

Nocturne, continued

in caverns brought to life the dreaming and neurological connections between dimensions and levels of consciousness. Evidence also suggests that far more recently most humans spent time active and awake in the night between "first and second sleep."

In ancient Greek, medieval, and Renaissance literature, including Shakespeare, night is associated with death. Hypnos (Sleep), and Thanatos (Death) are Night's twin children, conduits to other worlds.

In the countryside in northern Europe, meandering paths used to be oriented to starlight for dark of moon wayfarers, but in the modern city the dark is diluted. Singing insects of late summer and autumn are awakened to perpetual courtship by artificial moonlight.

Even some plants are affected by perpetual light. Under natural conditions, their leaves droop at night; in cities, they remain erect.

Summer nights flower with lights as if the air breathed them out. Meteors run down curves of space like drops of bright, unexpected rain trailing on glass. Fireflies flame up from a field. It can be difficult to tell if you are seeing a long-tailed star or a male firefly signal.

The fireflies are threatened, like migrant birds and sleepless humans, by city lights that paint galactic rivers of their own on the earth as seen from space, and overwhelm night's own wells of illumination. A dark sky movement is growing, with areas dedicated to eliminating light pollution and enabling direct connection with the star-salted skies. Michigan has three of them, including the oldest in the nation in Lenawee County. There are still places from which to greet these old night friends.
I have watched fireflies as they glittered over the peony garden in the Arb, while above them, a score of bats flickered. At the edge of the garden, tree peonies with rich presence and scent are opened into a blend of moonlight with the pale smear of city glow.

Next to the garden is a cemetery. On a recent night, two friends and I pushed open the vine-clad gate between the worlds and entered a well of moonlight and shadow. The moon rode above, shining among oak branches. The cemetery was wondrously dim and quiet, and the moonlight spilled in, creating its own roads. The light seemed tangible as glowing paint or water, highlighting its chosen stones: silvery and melting, or gray fading to black. The meander of roads did not admit to clock time which collected in its own pool outside the fence but could not touch us. People have set tiny solar lights into the ground here and there, quiet constellations. We walked on the gentle dark face of the world.

In another cemetery I saw the moon whiten an angel statue on a hill that seemed imbued with magnetic stone. The hill drew on the iron in our blood, slowing our steps when we climbed it on foot, resisting the linearity of the street that ascended it.
For many years there has been a special opportunity for people to walk in a group at night. On New Years Eve, Heather O'Neal and Pem Dorjee Sherpa lead a series of "New Year's Eve Gourmet Dinner Treks," all conducted after dark.

I participated for the second time in 2015. The year before we had traversed the nighttime woods, stopping for various stages of a dinner at points in Bird Hills and Argo, ending up at the Cascades. The hike was well-attended and fun. We walked through Sunset Brooks and part of Bird Hills, proceeded to Barton Dam where we ate snacks, and then climbed up on top of it to see the white water pouring down and churning among sheets of shining ice.

On private walks my friends and I use flashlights minimally. On the group hikes, there were many cell phones, the myriad white lights imbued with energy and curiosity, projections of mentalities dancing on the ground and bouncing off trees. Fey in their own manner.

The house of the Voyageurs Club glowed warmly in its windows. We moved along the ice-shining river, had dinner at Argo, then trekked through the Cascades. They were fantastic, with wind brushing through gold grasses and the water foaming white. It was colder here, but I breathed in the freshness.

Near Broadway Bridge walked a lone man, yipping and laughing like Coyote himself, at the meeting of three roads—named trivia by ancient Romans. A place for trading stories and information, sacred to the Greek Hekate and transferred to a version of the Roman Diana. Such places of popular exchange were later denigrated as "trivial." Coyote knows better.

Today, a year later, our hike followed the trail of the buried Allen Creek. The stream was sequestered underground in 1926 (a common practice in cities then) and forgotten by most for many years. It rushes through another, perpetual night enclosed in cement pipes. On low-lying areas it will send extensions of itself bursting up in fountains through manholes during some storms. According to Heather O'Neal, you can hear the rushing sound of one of its drainage tributaries under a manhole on Eighth Street near Waterworks Park. Children in the 1920s swam in it, jumping into the water from a rope swing. And it may have inspired another Robert Frost poem.

I first heard of the stream in the 1990s from Bob Grese, professor emeritus in the U-M School for Environment and Sustainability, who told me and a friend about it, calling it "his watershed." Around that time I also met people who were among the first to consider asking the city to open up parts of it again. A resolution has since been passed to create along its path a greenway trail named Treeline that would connect with the Border-to-Border trail of Washtenaw County, and the Iron Belle trail of Michigan. O'Neal is involved with the Treeline proposal. Her group met that evening at Himalayan Bazaar. We walked first to the Michigan

Continued on page 10

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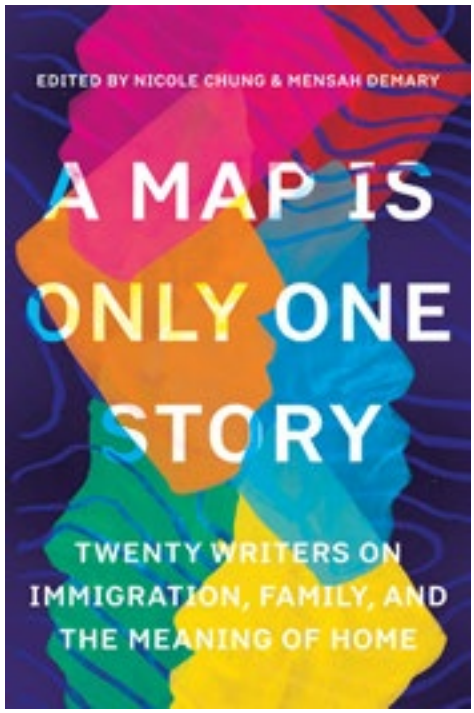
Crazy Wisdom Book Pick of the Week


EDITED BY NICOLE CHUNG & MENSAH DEMARY
A MAP IS ONLY ONE STORY
TWENTY WRITERS ON IMMIGRATION, FAMILY, AND THE MEANING OF HOME

A Map Is Only One Story

From rediscovering an ancestral village in China to experiencing the realities of American life as a Nigerian, the search for belonging crosses borders and generations. Selected from the archives of Catapult magazine, the essays in A Map Is Only One Story highlight the human side of immigration policies and polarized rhetoric, as twenty writers share provocative personal stories of existing between languages and cultures.

Victoria Blanco relates how those with family in both El Paso and Ciudad Ju rez experience life on the border. Nina Li Coomes recalls the heroines of Japanese animator Hayao Miyazaki and what they taught her about her bicultural identity. Nur Nasreen Ibrahim details her grandfather's crossing of the India-Pakistan border sixty years after Partition. Krystal A. Sital writes of how undocumented status in the United States can impact love and relationships. Porochista Khakpour describes the challenges in writing (and rewriting) Iranian America. Through the power of personal narratives, as told by both emerging and established writers, A Map Is Only One Story offers a new definition of home in the twenty-first century.

Purchase your copy of *A Map Is Only One Story* at shopcrazywisdom.com.

Nocturne, continued

Stadium. We huddled in the shadow behind its bulk, near which the stream begins, discussing our route. The stadium is built on a swampy area with such a high water table that pumps are used to drain water into the underground creek to avoid flooding the Big House. When the stadium was being constructed, natural springs were uncovered, and the site was so flooded that it was dubbed “Tillotson’s Pond” after Harry Tillotson, the business manager of the Athletic Department in the year 1926, when excavation for the stadium began.

We proceeded along the buried streambed, following railway tracks: a corridor, one of many through the city, rich in secret passageways that hide in plain sight. The tracks are lined with abandoned industries: more art space and housing may be available than we sometimes imagine.

At West Park, where we stopped for dinner and delicious Nepalese tea, sitting beneath big dark trees with a palpable beauty and presence, I felt a melancholy that seems to underlie this part of the town. Does the land miss another time, another people?

As we arrived at Argo, and Heather O’Neal pointed out where Allen Creek spills out gray and white and extremely forceful through a big pipe into the river at the bottom of the dam, we were exhilarated by the white, churning water and the silver-gleaming mirror further upstream that always reveals itself as vastly beautiful at night. I had been feeling the depression of having the stream underground all those many years, treated as an obstacle, then forgotten. I remembered many women who arrived one night at a dance I used to DJ at the former People Dancing Studio. They were dancing up their own storm on the floor, the stream under our feet seeming to well around them. There was an odd restlessness in the atmosphere. That same night, the Huron River took two lives.

There are fields of living interconnection through water, a flow we are meant to be part and aware of. In a water-rich area, there can be a sense of drag that when resisted results in depression. I find the cure is often to go to the water—the lake, the river, the wetland, even a rain puddle.

Night and water can bring worlds together, mend disruptions and rifts. Maybe ice is melting in glaciers, and seas are rising, in part to restore an interrupted flow.

Heather O’Neal sent me “A Brook in the City” by Robert Frost. It was published in 1923, possibly during one of the school years when he was in residence here. It may refer to the plans underway, sparked in 1923 by petitions from residents, to have Allen Creek buried, though it also probably references a similar situation in a New England city. An excerpt from it includes these phrases and lines:

How else dispose of an immortal force
No longer needed?...The brook was thrown
Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone
In fetid darkness still to live and run --

And all for nothing it had ever done
Except forget to go in fear perhaps.
No one would know except for ancient maps
That such a brook ran water. But I wonder
If from its being kept forever under,
The thoughts may not have risen that so keep
This new-built city from both work and sleep.

For women there is another opportunity for group night-walking. I only participated twice, many years ago, in Take Back the Night. The event may have had one of its multiple origins in Belgium, during the 1976 International Tribunal on Crimes Against Women, with a spontaneous candlelit walk through moonlit streets. In 1978, women survivors of sexual violence staged another in San Francisco, and from there it grew into a movement and an annual event worldwide.

The surge through the streets was a joyous flood; the sense of momentum toward an unprecedented state of freedom. It was one of the few times that I have felt the presence of a goddess, a specifically female deity. But I have walked in night woods with at least one man who was more uneasy there than I was. And I've long ago become aware that boys and men also are threatened, raped, and subject to predation in the night. Hidden streams run through us. Night connects them, eluding artificial grids. It can take some courage to embrace them, especially alone, but the nocturnal gift can be a warm intimacy with life, with other people, with oneself, and the ineffable. We can support each other while exploring fertile dreaming that births new days.

The cat becomes shadow and light, merges with what he explores in intimate respect. We're visitors and it's best to approach night fields and forests with humble regard, ask permission to touch and gain entry.

Mid-July. Another walk with my niece, Kes, in Furstenberg Park. It's still firefly time. Distant voices call to an errant companion. We laugh, imagine encountering her and asking, "Are...you... Sheila?" in sinister tones. The little embers flare gold and green. Then we find what may be a deer path into a deeper thicket where a small dark pond is loud with the evening conversation of bullfrogs. And in those less penetrable woods, the nature of the fireflies' flashes changes. Another species, maybe, that we see in some locations: they spark. Their flashes are quick, emanating sharp bursts, little firecrackers, you can almost hear them snapping. They are everywhere. Momentary flares held in the embrace of one eternal moment that is their mother-matrix and ours, erasing what little may be left of the grid we walk on in patterned streets during the day. They immerse us in the present, the pool of night, the enchantment of the world.
Anyone interested in a group night-hike with Heather O'Neal is welcome to email her at ofglobal@aol.com.

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A CONVERSATION WITH ERIN STOHL AND DAN DESENA ABOUT SOMATIC-ORIENTED PSYCHOTHERAPIES

By Sara Vos
Photos by Joni Strickfaden

An Ann Arbor couple, Erin Stohl and Dan DeSena, has found a place within the local somatic psychotherapy community. I sat down with Stohl and DeSena, pre-pandemic, to learn about how they came to somatic psychotherapy, and how their experiences as somatic psychotherapists have impacted their relationship. Stohl and DeSena are both seeing patients via video chat and doing appointments by phone.

Sara Vos: Can you tell me what somatic psychotherapy is?

Erin Stohl: Somatic, or body-centered psychotherapy, is a holistic approach to therapy that focuses on the relationship between the mind and body and sees the body as a deep source of innate wisdom.

Dan DeSena: Often a big part of healing comes from our ability to tap into that inner wisdom that is deeper than just the intellectual, thinking mind. Somatic therapy helps us to do that. Exactly how it is done depends on the type of therapy, but ultimately somatic therapy is about using the body's innate wisdom to help us learn about ourselves and move toward healing. One way is by helping people learn how to pay attention to, and get information about themselves from, the subconscious — through the automatic, physical impulses and emotions that our body generates [below the level of our conscious awareness].

Sara Vos: What made you want to pursue this path professionally?

Erin Stohl: My interest and intrigue with the body started when I was an athlete, throughout my childhood and during college. Feeling my body in space, and moving energy through my body with physical exertion, was the primary way that I learned to manage stress and the energy that comes with powerful feelings, like anger. The physicality of being an athlete and transforming strong emotional energy through movement and competition was so helpful in a lot of ways.

Then in my early 20s, I shifted to exploring holistic approaches to health and healing. Although I didn't fully realize it at the time, I believe I was primarily drawn to learning about healing and psychotherapy as a way to heal myself.

My curiosity about energy and the relationship between the body, mind, and emotions, led me to learn reiki and other energy cultivation practices. After becoming a social worker and starting my holistic psychotherapy practice, I learned about Sensorimotor Psychotherapy (SP) from my supervisor, Dr. Carrie Hatcher-Kay. This approach to therapy felt like a great fit because of its holistic nature. It blends traditional dynamic therapy with somatic awareness, mindfulness, and interpersonal neurobiology, which really resonates with how I understand myself and others.
Dan DeSena: I came from a really intellectual family—it was

like a family where we had heads floating around on bodies and the body was kind of disconnected, you know? I also had Carrie Hatcher-Kay as a supervisor here in Ann Arbor. I started working with her in 2014, I believe, and through Partners in Healing, an organization formed by Carrie Hatcher-Kay, Sharon Gold-Steinberg, and César Valdez, I received trainings in somatic-based therapies, especially for trauma. After I started working with Carrie I started to realize how disconnected from my own body I was, and I started exploring this for myself. This [exploration] had such a big impact on me that I decided to enroll in Sensorimotor training. I finished the Level 2 training in SP with Erin at the end of 2017. There is a Level 3, too, which is the certification course. So we aren't actually certified in SP quite yet.

Sara Vos: What makes somatic psychotherapy different, unique, or cutting edge?

Dan DeSena: Somatic psychotherapy is a complicated thing to try to explain briefly—this is why it takes so long to train! Big picture: it isn't completely new if you think about the long history of somatic therapies that are embedded in many spiritual and ancient healing traditions. For example, Taoist and Indian traditions nicely blend the physical, mental, and spiritual elements into a holistic system and often involve a mind-body component. And these traditions are aligned with, or have influenced systems of, therapy such as craniosacral therapy, massage therapy, Polarity Therapy, and many others.

These healing traditions use attuned awareness of one's internal state, and healers traditionally get really good at noticing the subtle changes in a person when they have an emotional block or challenge. Modern somatic therapies draw on the same types of intuitive knowledge. It *is* unique from certain types of "talk" therapy in the sense that the therapist is not just listening to what the client is saying, but they are also scanning the client's body visually for subtle changes and indications that the body is communicating, and these signs help lead the therapist and client together naturally toward healing.

Erin Stohl: And I think that Sensorimotor Psychotherapy, while drawing on some of those ancient healing traditions, also has a foundation in some of our traditional psychotherapies like psychoanalysis and psychodynamic therapy. But it builds in other somatic elements that wouldn't be as much a part of psychoanalysis. So, the body is not absent from some forms of traditional therapy, but in SP the body is a greater focus in the therapeutic process.

SV: Is there a network of somatic practitioners in the area?

DD: Yes. Sensorimotor Psychotherapy, in particular, is growing in Ann Arbor because of the work that Partners in Healing has done to promote the therapy. There have been a number of SP trainings in the Ann Arbor area over the last five years, and there are more and more therapists that are trained to deliver this treatment. For a long time, there have been many, many practitioners here that do a variety of somatically-oriented therapies. In the area of psychotherapy we've had somatic therapists since the 1960s and maybe even before. *(Editor's Note: Reichian psychoanalysis was around in the 1950s, and Bioenergetic Analysis and Rolfing were somatic therapies that were around in the 1960s.)* The names of the therapies change over time, but the essence of them has remained the same. Sensorimotor Psychotherapy is one of a variety of therapy types that can be considered somatically-focused, and it is a modern incarnation with its own strengths, I think.

ES: I agree with that. For me, personally, I have appreciated how many more therapists are offering somatic psychotherapies like Sensorimotor Psychotherapy and another one called Somatic Experiencing. Eye-Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR) has been around for awhile and just keeps growing. It's been really nice to have more somatic psychotherapists to refer to, and there is a good-sized community of somatic psychotherapists here. It's exciting.

SV: What aspects of body-centered psychotherapy are most helpful or interesting to you?

ES: I think it gives people other options for how to regulate emotions. For example, if someone is experiencing some kind of painful emotion, they may have a hard time regulating their emotions with something more mental, like journaling or talking. They might first need to start with a physical, mindfulness-focused practice to shift their emotional energy, and then maybe afterward they could journal or talk things out with someone else.

DD: I like that it gives me another way of teaming with a client to understand what is happening on an unconscious level. This gives us more routes to make change.

SV: So, how about your personal lives? In what ways has your somatic training shifted the ways you approach your relationship?

DD: Haha… well, I met Erin at a Sensorimotor Psychotherapy training, for one (laughs). We were not together as a couple during the SP Level 1 training. But then we did Level 2 together. I loved that we could learn together and share this experience. Another way it has affected us is that it gives us another common language to help us navigate our relationship. For example, it helps that I know that Erin gets a lot out of movement to help her feel more regulated. So we have worked out ways to work with this physical energy together. Like sometimes we even wrestle (laughs).

Read the rest of the interview online!

READ MORE ARTICLES FROM THE CRAZY WISDOM COMMUNITY JOURNAL, ISSUE #75 ONLINE!

New Local Humor Website Tackles Harmful Health And Media Trends

By Ethan Szlezinger, Zofia Ferki, Tara Dorje, & Omkar Deshpande

Fed up with outrageous clickbait articles about dieting pills and weight loss? Well, so are we. That's why we created The Whole Wheat Post, a new satire site that calls out harmful trends in health and wellness media. Our website makes fun of these problematic voices with articles such as "6 Healthy Breakfasts That Will Suck All The Joy Out Of Your Morning" and "3 Guided Meditations That Will Have You Saying 'What The F*ck Is The Point Of This.'"

We're a group of four recent graduates from the University of Michigan who met during our time as editors for The Every Three Weekly, the campus satirical newspaper. After graduation, we kept our writing team intact by submitting articles to existing humor sites. However, we quickly realized how much we missed the creative freedom of running our own publication and the behind-the-scenes work of the editorial process.

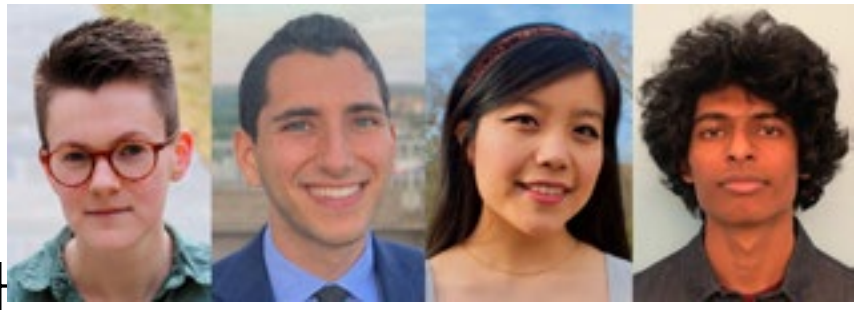
Eventually, we landed on the idea of creating our own platform and began to conceptualize what would later become The Whole Wheat Post. We figured that, in order to stand out from other satire sites, we would need to establish a niche in the humor market. With so many humor websites already out there, why would anyone choose ours instead of one that's already been established?

Notably, the beginning of the Covid-19 pandemic was a period when health and wellness websites began to inundate readers with an influx of content about how they should be filling their "free time" productively — whether it be through finally achieving their dream bodies, going on some fad diet, or finishing the screenplay sitting on their desktop. It was at this point when we realized the perfect niche was right under our noses; the so-called health advice being disseminated by practically every wellness site on the internet was not only ripe for satire but also worthy of it. While there's a comedy site for practically every niche out there, we'd come across a section of the internet that truly deserved to be satirized — and, shockingly, had not yet been in any significant way. We fell in love with the idea of continuing to write comedy while also channeling it toward a worthwhile cause.

We hope that The Whole Wheat Post can serve as a sort of breath of relief for our readers. Our website tries to make sense of the chaotic, perpetually loudening chorus of voices in American self-help and wellness media that peddles quick fixes and miracle drugs. So much of this content — which is marketed as legitimate advice — promotes literal scams that simply don't work, are actually detrimental to your health, or do nothing to grapple with the larger roots of the self-care and personal health issues that they claim to address. There is increasing competition for our eyes and attention, as these sites hawk out absurd tips and tricks to try to "purchase" our health and wellbeing.

Sometimes, standing out from all this noise can be a challenge. Because these harmful trends are so deeply ingrained in our culture, readers will often confuse our satirical content for real advice! Understandably, not everyone realizes the context of our articles, which just goes to show how warped the state of the online media landscape is — and how important it is to work toward changing it.

Looking back, we view our time at the University of Michigan, and at The Every Three Weekly in particular, as our comedic training ground. As undergraduate students, we learned how to use satire to comment on everything from everyday inconveniences to current events. We also came to view comedy as a craft; we developed processes for coming up with jokes on a consistent basis, rather than depending solely on sudden inspiration. And finally, one of the most important lessons that The Every Three Weekly taught us was how to punch up instead of down. That's exactly what we're trying to do with The Whole Wheat Post.



Our hope is that our website is as much fun for you to read as it is for us to write. You can check us out at wholewheatpost.com, as well as on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram at @wholewheatpost.

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Calendar Editor Wanted

The Crazy Wisdom Community Journal is looking for a detail-oriented calendar editor, a person who is interested in the holistic and conscious living subjects covered in our publication.

The Journal is published three times a year, and it includes a community calendar for our readership – somewhere between 300 and 550 listings per issue. We are looking for someone who has an interest in local events, knows how to use Google sheets and forms, is familiar with Word, and is a good proofreader. You must own your own computer as this is a work-from-home position, and you must be local to the Ann Arbor area.

If you are a team player and are interested in this position, please email a letter of interest and a resume with relevant work experience to Jennifer@crazywisdom.net.

(This job pays reasonably well, but it is a very part-time position.)

White Lotus FARMS
thank you
When Covid-19 turned our lives upside down this march, people came together at our farm and found a way to have joy in a time of hardship. We are honored to be a place where so many of you have come to find refuge and serenity.
Thank you to our fellow farmers and food makers who came through when supplies were scarce in stores. Together we showed we could nourish our people when they needed it most.
Thank you to everyone who came out to support us and all of the local businesses who make up the fabric of our community. We built a lot of new friendships that will endure after this is over.
Marrow, MI Farm to Freezer, Tantre Farms, U-M Campus Farm, Two Tracks Acres, Bay Port Fish Co., Detroit Mushroom Co., Go! Ice Cream, The Brinery, Roos Roast, Bee Sweet, J. Patrice Chocolate, Beau Bien, Boochy Mama, Neu Kombucha, Kuntry Gardens, Juicy Kitchen, Chef G, Tiffin Tonight, Panda Moon, Aunt Nee's, Hummus Goodness, Nemeth Orchards, Green Things Farm Collective, Goetz, Sunburst Blooms, Hey Honey, Sherry's Pies, Whitney Farms, Shetlers, Pine Ridge Organics, Purple Bee Farms, Walnut Ridge, Honey Bee Farms, Why Not Pie, and many more...
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The Crazy Wisdom weekly Calendar

Animals and Pets

Basic Animal Communication with Judy Ramsey • Saturday-Sunday, Jan. 16-17, Apr. 17-18 • 9 a.m.-4 p.m. • Learn to communicate with animals the way they communicate with each other telepathically. In a nurturing environment, you will learn step-by-step how to calm your mind to allow your natural telepathic skills to blossom and connect with animal minds. This is a two-day online class that goes from 9am-4pm each day. Prerequisite: read Animal Talk by Penelope Smith. $160 per person/$140 if paid by 1/5/2021 or 3/12/2021 for the April class. Contact Judy at 517-480-4513; ramsey.judy003@yahoo.com or https://JudyRamsey.net.

Bodywork and Bodymind Therapies

Rolfing Lecture and Demonstration with Jeff Belanger • Saturday, Jan. 9 • 1-2 p.m.• This is a Zoom session with a lecture to explain what Rolfing is and how it works and answer any questions. There will also be a brief demonstration. Interested folks should email Jeff@annarborrolfing.com beforehand so he can send the Zoom link. Free. Contact Jeff at 657-3210 or jeff@annarborrolfing.com.

Buddhism

A Zen Priest Turns Her Attention to Immigrants in Distress with Myozen Joan Amaral • Wednesday, Jan 10 • 11 a.m. • Ordained Zen priest and founding teacher of Zen Center North Shore, Myozen Joan Amaral, is using her platform to support immigrants; Joan regularly meditated with Immigration and Customs Enforcement detainees at the Suffolk County House of Correction in Massachusetts. Her Dharma talk addressing Zen practitioners of JissoJi and their guests, will inspire sharing our practice with all beings. Donations welcome. Contact Marta at 248-202-3102; JissoJiZen@gmail.com or JissoJiZen.org.

Channeling

Remembering Wholeness via Zoom with The Mother channeled by Barbara Brodsky • Sunday, Jan. 10 • 2 p.m. • Energy sharing (darshan) with The Mother channeled through Barbara Brodsky. Darshan is an event in consciousness: The powerful energy of The Mother gets transmitted as she looks directly at each person through the camera. Number of participants limited; register early. $10-25. Contact at 477-5848; om@deepspring.org or deepspring.org. For more information email om@deepspring.org or visit deepspring.org.

Evenings with Aaron channeled by Barbara Brodsky • Wednesday, Jan. 13, • 7 p.m. • An open session with Barbara Brodsky channeling Aaron. Talk followed by Q&A. All welcome; no registration necessary. Aaron will speak about spiritual practices such as Vipassana (Insight) and Pure Awareness meditation; how to work with inner guidance; and how to support changes in our physical/spiritual bodies through work with body energy, the elements, sound, and an open heart. $10-35. Contact at 477-5848; om@deepspring.org or deepspring.org.

Healing

Heightening Your Vibration: Alchemy with Karen Greenberg • Sunday, Jan. 10 and 17, • 1:30 p.m. • Learn a myriad of tools and techniques, to change your vibration from a lower to a higher vibration, and to sustain it—including, but not limited to, sacred letters, powerful Archetypes, sacred oils, affirmations, visualization, meditation, prayers that you compose, gratitude, breathing, drumming, movement, music, Holy Geometry, traditions, toning Names of G-D, Archangels, Masters of Light, and more. $110. Contact Karen at 417-9511; krngrnbg@gmail.com or clair-ascension.com.

Intuitive and Psychic Development

Teleconference: Focused Mind Meditation with John Friedlander • Sunday, Jan. 3 • 9 a.m.-12 p.m. • The development of sustained focused meditation makes it easy to develop a whole new magnitude of psychic skill and healing ability, as well as a whole new level of mental clarity and spiritual openness. $15. Contact Violeta at 476-1513 or mvaviviano@gmail.com.

Life Transitions

Helpful Legal Tips for Every Stage of Life with Elizabeth Hurwitz • Saturday, Jan. 9 • 11 p.m. • Useful legal information for every stage of your life and the lives of your loved ones. Question and answer period and group discussion time included. The workshop will take place via Zoom. Please email Elizabeth to obtain the Zoom link at elizabethwhurwitz@gmail.com. Free. Contact Elizabeth at 657-0835; elizabethwhurwitz@gmail.com or hurwitzlawoffices.com.

Meditation

Connecting with Various G-D Names/Aspects: Heavenly Travel • Sunday, Jan. 3 • 9 a.m. • Learn how to create a sacred,

protected space to astral travel safely to the planets associated with the Ten Sephirot (Spheres) in the Tree of Life, to become more deeply acquainted with ten different aspects of G-D. Learn how to connect to the energy of each different aspect of G-D, and the special quality that it represents. You may receive invaluable messages and/or answers to compelling questions. $190 for all 4 parts. Contact Karen at 417-9511; krngrnbg@gmail.com or clair-ascension.com.

Zen Meditation with JissoJi Zen Ann Arbor practitioners online • Sundays, Jan. 3, 17, 31 • 11 a.m. • Zen meditation in the tradition of Shrunyu Suzuki, founder of San Francisco Zen Center. Instructions are available by request, the group meets on Zoom every week, Ceremonies rotate according to the Buddhist calendar. Donations welcome. Contact Marta at 248-202-3102; JissoJiZen@gmail.com or JissoJiZen.org.

Mindful Pause—Mindfulness of Breath with The Weber Center • Thursday, Jan. 7 • 4 p.m. • Mindfulness of Breath and Physical Body calms your mind and opens your heart. Each morning we are born again. Registration Requested. Free. Contact the Weber Center at 517-266-4000 or www.webercenter.org.

Nature Bath with Amanda Anastasia • Sundays, Jan. 1, 17, 31 • 11 a.m. • Soak in the high-vibration, healing energies of nature as we collectively engage in a guided meditative immersion that will bring you back home to all that you are. Led by Amanda Anastasia, yoga instructor and joy coach. Dress for the weather and look forward to feeling refreshed by the loving, warming connections we will make with all your relations - earth, wind, air and fire. Please contact Amanda to register at least three hours prior to the event. We will be meeting in various locations in Ann Arbor. Details will be emailed closer to the date. Approx. one-two hour workshop. Sliding scale fee: $33-$77. Contact Amanda at amahessling@gmail.com or www.joypriestess.com.

Movement and Dance

Zoom Ann Arbor - Toledo First Friday Dances of Universal Peace • Friday, Jan. 1 • 7 p.m. • Dances of Universal Peace, moving meditation, will be led on the Zoom platform to guide personal meditation and dance, while keeping dancers safe. The Dances of Universal Peace, dubbed Sufi Dances, were created in the 60s by Samuel Lewis and celebrate mantras of the world religions. Donation welcome. Contact Judy at 419-475-6535; jltrautman@sbcglobal.net or https://sites.google.com/view/a2-toledodup/home.

Reiki

Reiki 1 with Susan Billmaier • Mondays, Jan. 11, 18, 25 • 6 p.m. • Reiki 1 class introduces and attunes initiates to Reiki energy. It provides tools for self-healing and nurtures the opening of intuition and enhanced sensation and perception. Core class components: • Introduction to Reiki and attunement • Level 1 Attunements • Self-healing hand positions • Practitioner Ethics • Sensing Energy. $187.50. Contact Susan at 678-2071; evenstar.institute@gmail.com or evenstarschalice.com/institute.

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Wear a mask when you shop
Use sanitizing wipes to wipe down carts
Maintain social distance 6 ft apart
Use hand sanitizer to disinfect your hands before and after shopping

Shamanism

Basic Shamanic Journeying with Judy Ramsey • Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3; • 9 a.m.-3 p.m. • The shamanic journey is an easy and powerful tool we can use to access spiritual information. In this class, you will meet and begin to develop a relationship with a compassionate spirit or power animal who is coming forward to help you at this time in your life. You will learn techniques to help you develop a self-directed practice of empowerment, allowing you to move safely, intentionally through the world in a balanced way. This class is a prerequisite to ongoing and more advanced shamanic studies. This is a two-day class online via Zoom. $180. Contact Judy at 517-480-4513; ramsey.judy003@yahoo.com or https://JudyRamsey.net.

Stress Management

Mindfulness-Based Stress Reduction with Elizabeth Robinson • Monday, Jan. 11 • 5:30 p.m. • Introduction to Mindfulness-Based Stress Reduction. Free. Contact Libby at 476-3070; libbyrobinson7@gmail.com or libbyrobinsonmindfulness.com.

Tea Events

A Deia-Tea for Every Season with Susan Billmaier • Wednesdays, Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27 • 7 p.m. • Every season of our life has its unique blessings and challenges. Using tea to commune with the sacred has a long history starting in ancient China. In this course we'll explore how formulating unique tea blends can help us invoke various goddesses to help us on our life's journey. We'll start with the season of winter learning from Persephone and Morta the importance of Rest, Renewal, and Surrender. We'll move through the wheel of the year concluding with Autumn and her gifts of Gratitude, Abundance, and Crossroads. This is a four-class course with one class covering each season. $108. Contact Susan at 678-2071; evenstar.institute@gmail.com or evenstarschalice.com/institute.

Writing and Poetry

"Writing to Free the Body" Eight-Week Online Workshop with Julie Mariouw • Tuesdays, Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26; Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23 • 6:30-9 p.m. • Workshop designed to develop & strengthen a mindful relationship w/the body, connect w/ memory, emotion and stifled creativity, allow the body to guide our writing, thereby opening our subconscious minds. We will use metaphor, senses, polarity, and physical movement. Some texts I will use: Journey from the Center to the Page by Jeff Davis, Writing from the Body by John Lee, and Writing and the Body in Motion by Cheryl Pallant. $250. Contact Julie at 730-6175; julie@wellspringwritingworkshops or https://www.wellspringwritingworkshops.com/events.

Get your calendar listings in by Monday morning at 10 A.M. for the next Crazy Wisdom Weekly Issue!
Send your listing in here.

Note that there is no Weekly on January 1.

Crazy Wisdom Poetry Series

hosted by
Ed Morin, David Jibson, and Rainey Lamey

Second and Fourth Wednesday of each month, 7-9 p.m.

Until further notice, all sessions are virtual and accessible through Zoom.

Email cwpoetrycircle@gmail.com for Zoom link

Second Wednesdays, 7-9 p.m.: Poetry Workshop. All writers welcome to share and discuss their poetry and short fiction. Sign-up for new participants begins 6:45 p.m.

Fourth Wednesdays, 7-9 p.m.: Featured Reader(s) for 50 minutes. Open Mic reading for up to 1 hour. All writers welcome to share their own or other favorite poetry.

Crazy Wisdom Poetry Series Featured readers

January 27 - Hedy Habra is a polyglot essayist and artist whose third book of poems, *The Taste of the Earth*, won the Silver Nautilus Award. *Tea in Heliopolis* won the USA Best Book Award and *Under Brushstrokes* was finalist for the International Book Award. She has lived in Egypt, Brussels, and now Kalamazoo. Her website is hedyhabra.com

February 24 - Patricia Hooper is author of *Separate Flights* and *Wild Persistence*—the most recent of her five books of poetry. Her poems have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly, Poetry,* and *Kenyon Review*, and have won six major awards. She is a U. of Michigan alumna and now lives in Gastonia, North Carolina.

February 24 - Dannye Romine Powell, newspaper editor and author of *In the Sunroom with Raymond Carver* and four other poetry collections, often depicts troubles with close relatives. She has published in *Ploughshares*, *Paris Review*, and *Poetry*. She once occupied the former bedroom of Sylvia Plath during a residency at the Yaddo Foundation's mansion.

March 24 - Ken Meisel, is a psychotherapist and author of eight books of poetry. With tender, grave empathy, *Our Common Souls: New & Selected Poems of Detroit* traces the conflicted searches for hope, sense of connection to place, and material and social problems embedded in the landscape of his deindustrialized city.

March 24 - Jeff Vande Zande has published four novels including *American Poet*, which won a Michigan Notable Book Award from the Library of Michigan. His story collections are *Emergency Stopping*, *Threatened Species*, and *The Neighborhood Division*. He is also a film maker, teaches at Delta College, and has a blog at www.authorjeffvandezande.blogspot.com

April 28 – Celebrate National Poetry Month!
The peer-to-peer writers workshop of the Crazy Wisdom Poetry Circle, which meets on the second Wednesday of each month, read selections of their work. Featured readers: Joseph Kelty, David Jibson, Edward Morin, Rainey Lamey, Lissa Perrin, Gregory Mahr, Dana Dever, and others.

Crazy Wisdom Poetry Circle
The Poetry Series is open to all. There is never a charge.
https://cwcircle.poetry.blog/

Photo by Mark Basarab on Unsplash.